



THE  
CHARMS  
OF THE  
Bottle and Bowl

*A new SONG.*

WINE, a mistres gay and airy,  
Always ready to give Delight ;

Let what will perplex or tease you,

It is the Bottle, it is the Bottle,

It is the Bot——tle,

It is the Bottle sets all right.

Slaves are those that heaps up mountains,

Still desiring of more and more,

While we are carousing at Bacchus's fountain,

Never never dreaming, never never dreaming,

Never never drea——ming,

Never never dreaming to grow poor.

Fill us a Bowl of mighty liquor,

Fill it up unto the brim,

For it will make our spirits quicker,

While that our brains, while that our brains,

While that our Bra——ins,

While that our brains in Claret swim.

